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J. HOWARD WELLS, Editor.

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THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

The Tomb of Napoleon is one of the sights of Paris which a stranger never fails to visit. It stands immediately under the lofty dome of the Church of the Hotel des Invalides, and is more magnificent than the Tomb of St. Peter in the Cathedral at Rome, the cost of it having been 2,000,000 francs, or about \$1,000,000. A bronze door gives access to the crypt; over it, on a black marble slab, is the request in the Emperor's will, that he be buried on the banks of the Seine. The following are the words:

"Je desire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple Français que j'ai tant aimé."

Two colossal bronze caryatides at the entrance hold the globe, sceptre and imperial crown. A gloomy gallery running under the high altar which forms the tomb leads to the crypt, dimly lighted by funeral lamps of bronze, and adorned with bas-reliefs representing—1. The termination of civil war; 2. The Concordat; 3. The Reform of the Administration; 4. The Council of State; 5. The Code; 6. The University; 7. The Courts of Accounts; 8. The Encouragement of Trade and Commerce; 9. Public Works; 10. The Legion of Honor—all due to the energy of the late Emperor. The pavement of the crypt is decorated with a crown of laurels in mosaic. The balustrade surrounding the tomb is adorned with sculptured laurel wreaths, encircling the names of the following victories: Rivoli, Pyramids, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Wagram and Moskova. Twelve colossal statues representing as many victories, stand against the pilasters facing the tomb, which consists of immense monolith of porphyry, weighing 135,000 pounds, and brought from Lake Onega, in Finland, at a cost of 140,000 francs. Its exquisite polish was effected by a steam engine, built for the purpose, and the value of the stone may be estimated, when it is stated that porphyry is now considered of the same value in weight as pure gold. It covers the sarcophagus, which is also of a single block, 12 feet long and 6 in breadth, resting upon two plinths, which stand on a block of green granite, brought from the Vosges. The total height is 13½ feet. In the upper portion of the crypt is a recess containing the sword the Emperor wore at Austerlitz, the insignia he used to wear on State occasions, the crown of gold voted by the town of Cherbourg, and the colors taken in different battles. At the farthest end of the recess is the statue of the Emperor in his imperial robes. The marble employed in this monument alone has cost 2,000,000 francs.

WATERLOO.—The great French writer, Michelet, embodied the universal feeling of France, in one line, when he wrote the emphatic words, at once a history and a prophecy, "France has no Past, but Waterloo." In 1840, when Louis Napoleon was brought to trial, before the Chamber of Peers, in Paris, for his invasion of France at Boulogne, (the affair of the tamed eagle, which would not alight on the Napoleon column,) he defended himself very impressively, and said: "I represent before you a principle, a cause, a defeat; the principle is the sovereignty of the people; the cause, that of the Empire; the defeat, that of Waterloo. The principle you have recognized, the cause you have served, the defeat you wish to avenge.—No! there is no difference between you and me, and I will not believe that I am destined to suffer the penalty of the treason of others. Representing a political cause, I cannot accept as judge of my wishes and of my acts a political jurisdiction. Your formalities deceive no one. In the struggle which is commenced there is only a vanquisher and a vanquished. If you are the men of the vanquisher, I do not expect justice from you, and I do not want your generosity."

HOW GEN. WASHINGTON GOT THE MITTEN.—A correspondent of the Century, in giving some reminiscences of the old country seat called "The Cottage," in Hanover county, Virginia, gives an account of Gen. Washington's suit to and rejection by Mary Cary.

Her father was Wilson Cary, Esq., of Celery's, in the county of Elizabeth, descended from the noble family of Arundel, England. His relative, Col. Archibald Cary, of Amphill, in Chesterfield, was at his death, the heir apparent to the earldom. The worthy old gentleman seems, from all we know of him, to have been as proud as the Courneys or the Somersetts, and to have thought his family the noblest in the land. He lived in great state, with chariot and horses, plate, and velvet and embroidery—a worthy of the old school, fully satisfied with the "order of things," and enjoying serenely the good gifts of Providence. His beautiful daughter was a great heiress, and had many suitors—the accident which befell one of them has made her remembered in many books. He was a young man of very high character, a relative of Gen. W. Fairfax, Esq., who lived at Belvoir, on the Potomac; and here he met with Miss Cary, who came to visit Mrs. Fairfax, her eldest sister. The young man at once proceeded to fall in love, which he did with an ardor characteristic of his nature. When Miss Cary went back home to "Celery's," on James River, he followed her like a courageous gallant, and laid open siege to the fair fortress. In the good old times, however, something more was necessary than the consent of the young lady; and as the youth duly asked a private interview with the awful lord of the manor, who listened to him silently throughout.—When the lover had finished, Mr. Cary rose, made him a low bow, and said that if this were young Mr. Washington's errand at "Celery's," his visits had better terminate; his daughter "had been accustomed to ride in her own chariot." And with this allusion to the poor condition of the younger son, the interview terminated. Young Washington bowed and went away, and in due time married Martha Dandridge Custis, who "resembled Miss Cary," says my authority, "as much as one twin sister ever did another."

But the old tradition does not end here.—Many years fled away.—Mary Cary was Mrs. Ambler, and her discarded suitor was the man who had just received the sword of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown; whom the whole civilized world hailed as the greatest among the great—"the foremost man," not only of America, but of "all the world." He passed through the old metropolis, Williamsburg, at the head of his victorious troops, and the people were crazy with joy and adoration almost. The vast multitude nearly prevented his horse from proceeding—the calm statue on horseback passed on serenely. All at once he perceived at a window, or in the crowd, his old love, Mary Cary. He raised his sword and saluted her profoundly.—She fainted.

But it does not seem that the lovely woman was to blame. She had not been able to return the affection of the youth—that was all. She married him who won her heart, Edward Ambler. He was not unworthy of this noble lady in rank, or in character. He was descended through his mother from the great Huguenot house of La Roche Jaqueline, in Vendee, and inherited the honest instincts of his race. At twelve he had been sent for his education to England; he graduated at Cambridge; and then made the grand tour of Europe, returning to Virginia when he was twenty-one. He was married to Miss Cary soon afterward; became Collector at York, and was so much respected that, when Lord Baltimore came to Virginia as Governor, he brought a letter of introduction to the Collector. He died at thirty-five; and the Revolutionary War breaking out soon afterward, his beautiful widow moved away from the scene of her grief, and took refuge in the "Cottage," far up in Hanover.

A GREAT MAN.—George Lippard, in his work called the Nazarine, thus speaks of Gen. Jackson: "He was a man! Well I remember the day I waited upon him. He sat there in his arm-chair—I can see him now. We told him of the public distress—the manufacturers ruined—the eagles shrouded in crape, which were carried at the head of 20,000 men into Independence Square. He heard us all. We begged him to leave the depositions where they were, to uphold the great Bank at Philadelphia. Still he did not say a word. At last one of our members, more fiery than the rest, intimated that if the Bank was crushed, a rebellion might follow. Then the old man rose—I can see him yet.

"Come," he shouted, in a voice of thunder, as his clenched hand was raised high above his white hair, "Come with your bayonets in your hands, instead of your petitions—surround the White House with your legions—I am ready for you! With the people at my back, whom your gold can neither awe nor buy, I will swing you up around the capitol—each one of you on a gibbet as high as Haman's!"

"When I think," says the author, "of that one man standing there at Washington battling against all the powers of bank and panic combined, betrayed by those in whom he trusted—assailed by all that the snake of malice could hiss, or the fiend of falsehood howl—when I think of that one man placing his back against the rock, and folding his arms for the blow, while he uttered the vow, 'I will not swerve one inch from the course I have taken,' I must confess that the records of Rome, nay, the proudest day of Cromwell or Napoleon, cannot furnish an instance of a will like that of Andrew Jackson, when he placed life, and soul, and fame, on the hazard of a die for the people's welfare."

AFRICAN EXPLORATIONS IN PROGRESS.—By a list of the explorations now in progress throughout the world, we learn that brave and curious men are visiting portions of Africa, Australia, Indo-China, the Indian Archipelago, and the Polar regions. The interior of Africa is receiving the largest share of the attention of explorers. An English steamer is on an expedition to explore the country along the Niger; the corvette Oise is now exploring the wholly unknown country through which the Gaboon river runs; a Swedish discoverer is traveling on the west coast of Africa south of Benguela, in the direction of the Congo river! The Governor of the Portuguese Forts on the Zambeze is making preparations for new explorations in Central Africa; the French Missionary, Leo des Avenchiers, is travelling through the country which lies to the eastward of the great sea described by Capt. Burton and Lieut. Speke last year.—The German traveler, Albert Roscher, has gone in the same direction, having left Zanzibar with the hope of penetrating far in the interior. The above list, with the added name of the renowned Dr. Livingstone, who is now making an excursion into those countries he described on a former journey, shows that the great magnetic centre to which most discoverers instinctively turn, is still the interior of Africa. Those vast countries which are represented in blank on our maps, have been attacked from all sides.

WAS MOSCOW BURNED?—No story has been more generally told, or more fully credited than that relating to the destruction of the great city of Moscow in 1812, by fire. Yet, Moscow was not burned. Around the city is an almost continuous line of woodpile—various species of pine and other woods. By the side of this, and also reaching around the city, is an almost continuous line of granaries. Here are the food and the fuel of the inhabitants, provided in advance, for the long and dreary winters of the north. After the battle of Borodino, the retreating Russians set fire to the granaries and the wood pile, and to many portions of the city. The pitch burned with resistless fury, destroying everything in its neighborhood, and rendering egress from the place almost impossible. The glorious old churches and palaces of the ancient city of the north escaped in the main the devouring element. The traveler who looks upon the mighty structures, the architecture of which is of the most varied character, betraying the labor, upon the same building, in many cases, of heathen, Mahomedan and Christian denominations, will go away convinced that he has been marvelously deluded by the stories of the destruction of Moscow. He will naturally enquire how those trees, which required centuries to grow, became interlocked with those huge piles of building which he has been taught to believe have all sprung into existence since 1812.

The next Electoral College, chosen in November, 1860, to meet in February, 1861, will-if Kansas should be admitted at the approaching session of Congress—consist of 306 votes, 154 of which will be necessary for a choice for President. The non-slaveholding States will have 186 electors, and the slaveholding States 120.

A young lady up town was cured of palpitation of the heart the other evening, by a young M. D., in the simplest and most natural way imaginable. He merely laid one of her hands in his, put his arm round her waist, and whispered something in her ear.

A LION ADVENTURE IN ALGERIA.

I was aroused by something, and felt a pain in my head, and directly afterwards I received a blow on the head, through the side of the tent, which made me think for a moment that I had been struck with an iron bar with claws on the end, which I carried with me in my wagon; but in an instant the idea flashed across my mind that it was a lion which was snuffing at me through the back of the tent. If I remained where I was, without moving, there was the probability of the beast tearing up the tent and dragging me through. On the other hand an attempt to move closer to the fire would probably be detected, and the lion has the same characteristic as the cat, and would, doubtless, have sprung upon me in that case, and have carried me off. While hesitating what to do, the animal, most likely from not being able any longer to feel anything through the wall of the tent, must have turned away, for after what was in fact but a few moments, but which seemed a very long time, there was a terrific shriek, followed by a low, deep growling, then a short and a louder growl.

I felt about for my revolver, which I had placed beside my head before going to sleep, and creeping around the tent I saw the horrid beast standing perfectly still, with glaring eyes, and continuing the same low, deep growling, and holding in his mouth the body of a man, which he occasionally lowered on the ground as with the intention of taking a firmer hold, but never entirely letting go of it. I saw by the direction of his look that he had caught sight of me, and so terrible were the associations connected with the beast in my mind, that I dared not move or breathe for some seconds, when the thought suddenly occurred to me that it must be the body of Hamed he held in his mouth. My liking for the man had become so strong that the desire to rescue or avenge him drove every feeling of fear out of my mind, and with a steady aim, I fired at his body just behind the shoulder. Singularly enough, although I knew I had hit him, he merely gave a loud growl, and remained stationary, without relaxing his hold of the Arab's body. How long he would have remained in this state of immobility I cannot say, but I was just about to try the effect of a second shot when a regular volley of guns was fired from out of the darkness; the beast sprang forward towards me, almost at the same instant that I felt a sharp stinging sensation in the upper part of my arm, and fell to the ground so close to me that I stepped back to avoid a blow from his jaws in his death struggles. They did not last long, and as soon as they were over I fetched a lighted brand from the fire, and first holding it to the face of the dead man to see who it was, and feeling much relieved at finding it was not Hamed, I waved it about as a signal for the others that they might come with safety. They soon came and clustered around the body of the dead lion, some kicking it, and others spitting on and reviling it, and all of them claiming the honor of having killed him—a claim that they seemed far more interested in defending than in commiserating the fate of their dead companion.

All the efforts we made to release the latter unfortunate from the jaws of the lion were unavailing, without having recourse to our knives, and as there was not the least doubt of his being dead, for the teeth of the powerful brute were buried in his breast and back, we determined on leaving both bodies where they were until daylight. The first thing I did when I awoke was to look for the bodies of the Arab and the lion. They were lying where the beast had fallen in the night, and his stiffened jaws still held the body of the man as in a powerful vice.

The desire of preserving a record of the event for my friends in England to look at, was too strong to be resisted, so we set to work, cut three pieces of timber to a point, and having raised the lion to an upright position, kept him up by means of the pieces of wood. To conceal these, I planted a shrub here and there, which had the desired effect; and the result I obtained was a negative, the like of which I believe never was seen. The attitude is as natural as possible, and makes one shudder to look at it.

[Photograph News.]

A London publisher advertises exact fac-similes of "Seven Curious Old Newspapers," published between the years 1646 and 1619, announcing the execution of Charles the First; death and funeral of Oliver Cromwell, the great fire of London, with interesting notices of Nell Gwynne, Dryden, Bunyan, the intrigues of the court of Charles the Second, with extraordinary occurrences in various countries, with droll and interesting advertisements.